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ACADEMIA:

OR, THE

HUMOURS

*Academies, etc. Europe Great Britain and Ireland*  
OF THE

University of Oxford.

IN

BURLESQUE Verse.



L O N D O N :

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ACADEMIA  
OF THE  
HUMANITIES  
OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD  
IN  
BURLEIGH VINE



Printed by J. Johnson, near Station-  
17, N. (Great Britain)



TO THE  
UNIVERSITY.



*Hail, peaceful Shade, whose sacred  
verdant Side*

*Bold Thamisis salutes, Hail,  
Noble Tide,*

*Hail, Learning's Mother, Hail, Great Britains  
Pride.*

*Hail to thy lovely Groves, and Bowers, wherein  
Thy Heav'n begotten Darlings sit and sing;  
Thy First-born Sons, who shall in After-Story  
Share thy loud Fame, as now they bring thee Glory.*

## TO the UNIVERSITY.

Arriv'd at such a rich Maturity,  
Those who spell Man so well, would blush to be  
Took at the Mothers Breast, or Nurses Knee;  
Much more in Filth to wallow Shoulder high,  
In Tears, till his kind Nurse had laid him dry.

Actions that give no Blush of Guilt, or Shame,  
To those so young, that yet they want a Name,  
(I've heard that Brute, and Infant are the same.)  
Then, beauteous Matron, frown not on me for't  
Tho' at the Triflings of your younger sort  
I smile so much; since all I hope to do,  
Is but to raise your Smiles, and others too,  
And please myself, if pardon'd first by you.

ACADEMIA:



ACADEMIA:  
OR, THE  
HUMOURS  
OF THE  
*University of OXFORD.*

**I** Intend to give you a *Relation*,  
As prime as any is in the *Nation*:  
The Name of th' Place is---let me see,  
Call'd most an end the *Verfity*;  
In which same Place, as Story tells,  
Liv'd once *Nine* handsome bonny *Girls*,  
Highly in *olden Time* reputed,  
Tho' now so thawet'd and persecuted;  
*Scholars* belike now can't abide um,  
So that they're fain to scout and hide 'um,  
Or's fure as you're alive they'd beat 'um  
Out of the place they'd *chofe to feat* 'um,  
And they who won't be seen to maul 'um,  
Revile, befpatte 'um, or becall 'um.  
E'ne these fly *Curs* would *Strumpets* make 'um,  
When e're they catch 'um can, or take um,  
And pinch 'um, till they've made 'um finge ye,  
The filthy 'st Stuff as one can bring ye:  
The end of all fuch *Rascals* wooing,  
Proves many a heedless *Girle's* undoing:  
All these, and twenty more *Abuses*,  
Are daily offer'd to the *Muses*.

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You may perceive, I'm mightily  
 Disturb'd, they're us'd so spitefully ;  
 And must confess, where's no denying,  
 That I can hardly hold from crying ;  
 But that I mayn't be seen to bellow,  
 Like *'Girl* forsaken by a *Fellow*,  
 Roar, throw my Snot about, and blubber,  
 Like *School-Boys*, or an am'rous *Lubber*,  
 I'll lay aside my *Bowels* yearning,  
 And talk of *Scholars*, and their *Learning*.

When the young *Farmer*, or young *Farrier*,  
 Comes jogging up with's *Country-Carrier*,  
 Well hors'd as he, for I have seen 'um  
 Both have but one good *Horse* between 'um :  
 But two *Bums*, with one *Horse* there under,  
 Is no great matter of a Wonder ;  
 For some are fain to ride o'th' *Packing*,  
 Made easie with good *Straw*, and *Sacking*,  
 Kindly contriv'd for's *Buttocks* sake,  
 Which otherwise might chance to ake :  
 But then there's no great fear of tumbling,  
 Altho' the *Nag* were giv'n to stumbling ;  
 He can't be hurt (Sir,) if you'd have him,  
 Say he shou'd fall, the *Pack* would save him :  
 So that if I might tell my Mind, Sir,  
 I'd's live ride so, as ride behind, Sir.  
 Then if the *Young-Man's Band* or *Cravit*,  
*Handkerchief*, *Neck-cloath*, what you'll have it,  
 Be ill put on, or off be blown,  
 The *Carrier* tyes, or pins it on ;  
 Or he had been a very *Clown*, to  
 Be bred and born i'th' same *Town* too ;  
 And knew his Friends so well, and knew him,  
 That wouldn't have been civil to him ;

Beside,

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Beside, a charge given by his *Mother*,  
To use him kinder than another.

Now being arrived at his *Colledge*;  
The place of *Learning*, and of *Knowledge*;  
A while he'll leer about, and snivel ye,  
And doff his Hat to all most civilly,  
Being told at home that a shame Face too,  
Was a great sign he had some *Grace* too,  
He'll speak to none, alas! for he's  
Amaz'd at every Man he sees:  
May-hap this lasts a *Week*, or two,  
Till some *Scab* laughs him out on't, for  
That when most you'd expect his mending,  
His Breeding's ended, and not ending.  
Now he dares walk abroad, and dare ye,  
Hat on, in Peoples *Faces* stare ye;  
Thinks what a *Fool* he was before, to  
Pull off his Hat, which he'd no more do;  
But that the *Devil* shites *Disasters*,  
So that he's forc'd to cap the *Masters*,  
He might have nail'd it to his *Head*, else,  
And wore it *Night* and *Day* a *Bed*; else,  
And then, de'e see, for I'd have you mind it,  
He had always known where to find it;  
*But of a bad thing, make the best say,*  
*And of two Evils chuse the least pray,*  
He must cap them; but for all other,  
Tho' 'twere his Father, or his Mother,  
His Gran'num, Uncle, Aunt, or Cousin,  
He wo' not give one Cap to a dozen;  
Tho' you must know he flows with *Mony*,  
Giv'n by his Mam, unto her Hony;  
His Aunts, their Six-pence were apiece too,  
Having had the luck to sell their Geese to  
Some

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Some profit, that same Market-day,  
Being th' o're Night he came away :  
But for all they were so loving to him,  
Besure they'd always see him doing,  
Because they entertained this Hope,  
*In time he might become a Bishop ;*  
That often he had cause to grumble,  
Under thick-fisted Master Fumble :  
The Master of the School was he,  
And slash'd him for his Good, de'e see,  
Beating his Brains into his Collar,  
That he might prove the better Schollar.  
He looks upon it as a Blessing  
Beyond his With and his Expressing ;  
A good Substantial, and no Fiction,  
To be free from his Jurisdiction,  
With's Fellow Rake-Hells gets acquainted,  
Who might i'th' Country have been Sainted.  
These kindly hug young Soph, and squeeze him,  
And of his Cash t' a Farthing ease him.  
This being done, and being so,  
He's at a loss now what to do.  
So here I'll leave him, I must tell ye,  
With a Heart panting in his Belly :  
But lest Despair prove his undoing,  
E're long I'll come again unto him,  
With some of's Hackle and Profession,  
Tho' I must make a short digression ;  
These being of another sort, then  
Those who're design'd for Inns of Court-men :  
Who most and end come up a Horse-back,  
And are not brought to Town a Pick-pack,  
Like Geese to Market, niddle-noddle,  
To make their Brains prove yet more oddle,  
Which to prevent these Idle Loaches  
Ma's carry tenderly in Coaches,



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Or where defective they're of such,  
They loll in Papa's Booby-hutch.

Those I've spoken of, de'e observe me,  
Either's a Servitor to serve ye,  
Brings Bread and Beer, or what is call'd for,  
Eating what's left, Trencher and all (Sir),  
Or else a Commoner may be,  
And thinks himself better than he,  
Because he shou'd pay for his Eating,  
But can't, unless you'll take a Beating.

The next, who 'as leave to domineer,  
Adds Gentleman to Commoner,  
Most dearly tender'd by his Mother,  
Who loves him better than his Brother;  
So she at home a good while keeps him,  
In White-broath, and Canary keeps him.:  
And tho' his Noddle's somewhat empty,  
His Guts are stuf't with Sweet-meats plenty :  
Madam's most sadly tofficated,  
Knowing her Boy's but empty-pated,  
Lest the soft *Squire might starved be*,  
When e're he's sent to th' *Versity* ;  
Which to prevent, and to befriend him,  
A Pye, or Cake, she'll quickly send him,  
*Directed for her loving Son,*  
*Living i'th' Colledge in Oxford Town;*  
*Charging her Man to let him know,*  
*That they're all well, and hope he's so.*

But what his Mother sent up with him,  
Being much more than now she gives him,  
And all consum'd ; he thinks it best  
To hide, and eat by himself the rest :

His.

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His Will at home (Sir,) always having,  
 But made his Stomach the more craving;  
 May-hap they'd twenty Hundred *Dishes*,  
 And twenty Thousand sort of *Fishes*,  
 Of which, when but a little Elf,  
*He'd eat the greatest part himself*;  
 De'e think then 'twould not make the young *Lad*  
 At a *Three-half-pence* Meat become *sad*,  
 Which at the *Colledge*, you must know, Man's  
 No more, nor less, than one *Boys Commons*?  
 And then, they make a hideous Clutter  
 For a *Farth'n Drink*, *Bread*, *Cheese*, or *Butter*;  
 And would that pay, now, in your thinking,  
 For washing of the *Pot* they drink in?  
 Yet for all this, his *Tutor* cries ye,  
 Sufficient 'tis, and may suffice ye;  
 Knowing, from being *bred a Scholar*,  
 Much *eating* breeds both *Flegm*, and *Choler*,  
 Much *praying* him, does much advise it,  
 If he loves *Learning*, to despise it:  
*Glutt'ny* (thinks *Soph*,) who e're abhorr'd it,  
 That had wherewith, and could afford it?  
 Tho' like a *Log* he stands, he's thinking,  
 He lives by *Eating*, and by *Drinking*,  
 And finds it so unreasonable,  
 He mayn't *eat* all that comes to Table;  
 'Tis but in vain to advise him from it,  
 He can at worst but take a *Vomit*:  
 Preach till your *Heart akes*, of forbearing,  
 He for his share, will ne're be sparing;  
 And when he's told 'tis *naught for's Head*, to  
 Lye all the livelong *day* a-bed so;  
 He fears his *Tutor* would prevent  
 His having any *Nourishment*.

When

When *Categorematical*,  
A Word, you'd think the *Devil* and all,  
But hold! --I think there is another,  
Should a' took place as *Elder Brother*,  
'Tis, let me see, now, whach'ee call,  
*Syncategorematical*.

Were it *Old Nick*, enough to musle him,  
For all his years, and standing, puzzle him;  
*Soph*, when this comes, (as I was saying,)  
Begins to know the use of *praying*;  
Blessing *himself*, and his *Relations*,  
From these, and such like *Conjurations*;  
*Master Existence*, almost mad is,  
To see one *stupid* as this *Lad* is,  
And *'faith* and *troth*, it is a woe thing,  
When he need say no more then, *nothing*  
*You mean by those long Words*, or *something*;  
Then en't the *Logger-head* a *Bumpkin*  
For's pains, the *Tutor* but a *Looby*,  
To make this *Hubbub* with a *Booby*;  
And think, that all his *Care* can do,  
May alter, what he's *born* unto?  
A *Fool* both *bred* and *born* was he,  
Was so *begot*, and so *must be*;  
And's *Mother'd* have him so, the rather  
That in him she might see his *Father*.

'Tis not a *Tutor's* circumspection,  
Can keep the *Blockhead* from *infection*,  
While the *Distemper's* in his *Nature*,  
You must expect him a *Man-bater*;  
Being one o'th' *Puppys* o'th' *Nation*,  
Both by *Descent*, and *Inclination*,  
Following his *Noble Ancestors*,  
A company of *lazy Curs*,

Bord'ring

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Bord'ring like them, so much on Beast,  
Loves what's the farthest off the least;  
Tho's *Tutor* thinks his *over-dulness*  
Comes from his often *over-fulness*,  
And that his *Brains* become so muddy,  
From having *Pastys* in his Study;  
But he might lay aside that fear,  
Could he but find one two days there;  
But why, not *eating* do him *good* tho',  
By *breeding Brains* as well as *Blood* so?

No matter, tho' his *Tutor* jobs him,  
His *Father* but the better loves him,  
Asking, If's *Son* has got a *Punck* yet,  
Whores ye, and gets ye often *drunk* yet;  
Being told by's *Man*, he took him *quaffing*,  
For joy he bursts his Sides with *laughing*:  
And prithe *John* (says he) and how was't?  
Ha, *Drunk i'th' Cellar, as a Sow*, wast?  
*John* simpers, makes a *Leg*, or so;  
And since his *Worship's* pleas'd to know,  
An't like ye, we were something *mellow*,  
For I, Sir, and another Fellow---  
The *Justice* growing into a *Passion*,  
Cuts him i'th' midst of his *Relation*,  
Cries, where was your *young Master, Sirrah*?  
O ho, quoth *John*---and say---where wor' a?  
Down in the *Cellar* too, I wot,  
But I was so goun, *I'd forgot*,  
For I've a lamentable *Head*,  
'Specially when I'm *cut i'th' Leg*,  
But Master, (Sir,) need never spare it,  
Hoe has a pure *strong Head* to bear it;  
And so 'ud need (Sir,) for ought I know,  
Few *Scholarads* are so learn'd as *ho*;



I'd give your *Worship* all my *earning*,  
To have *hoa's* Stock (Sir) of *Book-learning*;  
Something (Sir,) did my Master say,  
For I was bent, to bring't away,  
But I've a plaguee *Head-piece*---look now.  
I ha't---'twas *Latin*, for the *Cook* now,  
*Hoa* call'd him *Choke*, *us*---so't must be,  
I knew 'twas somewhat of *Cookery*.

Here my *Old Master* laughs most surely,  
Tho' *John* looks all the while demurely;  
And while he's pleas'd *beyond expression*,  
To understand his Son's *Profession*;  
*John* steals out to the place they wish him,  
I mean, *among the Maids i'th Kitchen*;  
They'd got there too, *young Master's Sister*,  
Her Mother yet not having *mist her*;  
They that wa'n't there, were very sorry,  
All longing so to hear *John's Story*,  
Of where, and how, and what he'd seen,  
And in what *Colleges* he'd been;  
Thus having made a general Muster,  
*The Men and Maids* got of a Cluster,  
Having all bid him *welcome home*, *John*,  
Bels *scratching of her Pate*, cries, *come John*,  
How does my little Master do?  
Cries *John*, no *small one*, now I trow;  
Now, should you see'n, you wou'dn't know'n,  
*O Cremony!* *hoa's* *hougely* grown!  
Make a brave Man, but *given Grace*;  
Why, *hoa* lives in a sweetly place.  
(Crys *Tom*,) he made you welcome surely:  
O ay (crys *John*) we revell'd purely!  
Our *Tenants* Feast to that, munn nothing's,  
We purg'd, as we had drank at both ends.

B

Count,

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*Court*, what came tumbling down our *Hoases*,  
Beside what flew out from our *Noses*;  
'Twould make one split ones *Guts* I swear tho',  
But for my part it made me stare tho';  
There's in the *Cellar*, to my thinking,

\* A *Horn*, or something else to drink in,  
Which being fill'd full, as it can hold,  
'Tis his that drinks it off, I'm told;  
But here's the thing that makes the rout,  
When you drink deep it flies about,

\* At *Queens*  
there is such a  
*Horn*, but  
John's De-  
scription is  
sufficient.

And dout's one's *Eyes*, and makes one  
So that one ne'er can tope it off; (cough,  
Such ugly *Tricks* I can't endure, I,  
For't spoil'd the Band *Sue* wash'd so purely,  
And all my *Bosom* fell adown too,

When I'd no other *Shirt* in *Town* too;  
And 'cause they'll have no *Fresh-men* there,  
At first the *Scollards* salt one's *Beer*;

O law! I wish'd my self at home;

It made me spue so; ---ay (say's *Tom*),

As good a staid at home and thresh *John*,

And so have ever been a *Freshman*;

And where was this (cries *Bess*), at *Queens*?

There *Mr William* went it seems.

*Queens*---ay (says *John*), as neat a place

As could be made to hold her *Grace*;

O ay (cries *Tom*), I think I've heard so,

The *Queen* was once a *Schollar* there too;

(Cries *John*), 'tis true, from thence it came,

That ever since it has her *Name*.

*Tom* asks, what fine things to be seen,

Beside the *Colledge* of the *Queen*?

(Cries *John*), a many in the *Town*:

First there's a houngeous masty \* *Clown*,

As you go into th' *Physick Garden*,

Master ne'er shew'd me, but I star'd in,

\* A Tree cut  
into the shape  
of a Giant, the  
Face Alaba-  
ster. The

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The *Rat's* all hung about with \**Whinwhoms*, \* *Several*  
 As *Fishes Bones*, and other *Thingums* : *Foreign*  
 This *Giant* stands as you come first in, *rareties*  
 For *I took heart* at last to thrust in, *now trans-*  
 His *Head* has got an *Iron Cap* on, *ferred to*  
 To keep of *Showers*, or what might happen: *the Museum.*  
 His *Face* is like a *Man's*, to see to,  
 And yet his *Body's* but a *Tree* too :  
 Strutting, 'a holds a *Club* on's *Shoulder*  
 Which makes him look more *fierce* and *bolder* ;  
 And I was told there was another,  
 Which now is \**dead*, and was his *Brother* : \* *There was*  
 I went on th' other side to eye'n, *two of these,*  
 Not caring much to come too nye'n; *the great*  
 Least with *his Club* he should be doing; *Frost de-*  
 But the *Folks* said, one might go to him : *stroyed one.*  
 But for my part, I did not care,  
 To look in's *Face*, he did so stare.  
 There lyes a \* *Tooth*; I tell a *Fib* too,-- \* *A great*  
 Some call't a *Tooth*, but most a *Rib* do. *Whale-bone.*  
 A vast thing 'tis, what e'er it be,  
 And put there for a *Rarity*.  
 When you are gone a little further,  
 You happen just on such another ;  
 \* *A Crane* it is, as *People* tell ye, \* *A Tree cut*  
 Growing from a *Tree Stalk* by the *Belly*. *in the shape*  
 Whether alive or no's, no knowing, *of a Crane.*  
*Her Bill* touts out, just as if *crowing*

Well ! they all *bles's'd themselves* that *heard* it,  
 How *John* beheld it, and ne'er *fear'd* it ;  
 But what they stood the most upon, Sir,  
 Was how he slipt by the *Man Monster*.  
 Which made his *Fellow Servants* say,  
*John* had more mind to *Sights* than they.

But

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But as for *Elisabeth*, she cry'd,  
*If I had seen it, I had dy'd.*  
*John* being wiser, term'd them *Fools*.  
 Well, thence I hobl'd to the *Schools* :  
 Listning (*cries John*,) to hear a *Noise* there,  
 But then belike there were no *Boys* there.  
 For if there had, there'd been a *Lurry*,  
 Such as *Dogs* make, that *Cattle* worry.  
 Look ye, the *Houses* all are *Tyl'd*,  
 The *Door* way's *Pitch'd* ; I was so foil'd  
 With the damn'd *Stones*, where e'er one goes,  
 They do so knock, and hump ones *Toes*.  
 The *Schools*, de'e mark's a very fair place,  
 With *Rooms* built round it, but a square place.  
 The *Doors* all something writ upon,  
 By which there's something may be known.  
 I ask'd a *Scollard* that stood leaning,  
 What that was writ for, and the meaning ?  
 Hoa told me, that they was----a *Tu----d* ;  
 Now I've forgot it every word.  
 No matter, so much I can tell ye,  
 One may be taught there all things well'y.  
 That || *School's* to learn ye *conjuring*,  
 \* *Tother* to *Whistle*, and to *Sing*,  
 And how to *play* upon the *Fiddle*,  
 To keep the *Lads* from being *Idle*.  
 But what to greater *good* amounts,  
 A || *School* they have to teach *Accounts* ;  
 By which each one may cast up nearly,  
 How many *Farthings* he spends yearly.

|| *Astronomy*  
*School.*

\* *Musick*  
*School.*

|| *Arithme-*  
*tick School.*

A *Door* I spy'd was open standing,  
 I budg'd no farther than my *Band* in :  
 But by a *Scollard* I was help in,  
 A *civil Youth*, and a well spoken ;

We



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We went together up the *Stair-Case*,  
 Going, till coming to a \* *rare Place*, \* *Library*  
 As thick of *Books* as one could thatch 'um,  
 And *Ladders* stood about to reach 'um.  
 On each side were two † *round things* standing,  
 Made so to turn about with handing: † *Two Globes.*  
 By || *one* they knew, as I am told, † *Celestial.*  
 When *Weather* would be whot or cold,  
 What time for *setting*, and for *sowing*,  
 When to *prune Trees* the best for growing;  
 By this they make the *Almanacks*,  
 And twenty other harder knacks;  
 And 'tis by this they conjure too, *Man*,  
 Knowing a *Thief* from any *true Man*.  
 So that you'd think the *Devils* in 'um,  
*Goods* lost, or stole, again to bring 'um;  
 And tho' a good while I have seen it,  
 I ne'er can count you half, that's in it. \* *Terrestrial*  
 The \* other thing when round it's whurl'd,  
 Shews all the *Roads* about the *World*,  
 May find, if well you look about,  
 There all the *Ponds* and *Rivers* out;  
 But that the *Schollard* was in haste so,  
*Hoa* would have shewn our *House* at last too.  
 So I went all about the *Meeting*,  
 Some *People* in their *Pews* were † *sitting* † *Schollars.*  
 Tho' but a few, here and there one, at *Study*.  
 The *Minister* not being come;  
 I'll say't, I long'd to hear the *Preaching*,  
 I warrant yee, ay, 'twas dainty *Teaching*.  
 I ask'd a *young Youth* what it mean'd,  
 That all them *Conjuring Books* are chain'd:  
*Hoa* said, they being full of *Cunning*, || or *Stolen*  
 It seems would else have || been for running.  
 Before they had them *Chains*, they say,  
 A number of them run away.

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There's such an *Oceant* still, I wonder'd,  
How they could miss a *thousand hundred*.  
But that indeed again is something,  
They can know all things by the *round thing*.

As I went on, the \* Folk that reads, \* *Students*  
Would many times *pop up their Heads*. *disturbed*.  
And douck 'um down (may hap) again,  
And these are call'd, the Learned Men.  
And look for all the World as frighted,  
But were I to be *hang'd* or *knighted*,  
I can't imagine what mought ail'd 'um,  
For could they think one wou'd a *steal'd* 'um;  
Well, by and by, there's one comes to me,  
I thought the Fellow might have knew me;  
Hoe said, I must not make a *stomping*,  
And that it was no place to *jump* in;  
Whop, Sir, thought I, and what ado's here,  
About the Nails that in ones Shoes are;  
Hoe told me, that the Men were earning,  
A world of something by their Learning,  
And that a Noise might put them out,  
So that they ne'er could bring't about.  
Well, cause hoe *made a din* about 'um.  
I daff'd my *Shoes*, and *went without* 'um.  
The Fellow \* *gern'd*, (and cry'd,) what's that for?  
(I said,) *and what would you be at, Sir?* \* *or Smil'd*.  
My Shoes I take under *my Arm*,  
Rather than do their Worships harm,  
Because I would not leave the room,  
Before the Minister be come.  
At that hoe laugh'd; so for my part,  
I thought the Fool would break his Heart;  
I was so mad to see 'n flout ma,  
I long'd almost to lay about ma;  
But thinking that might there be Evil,  
I thought 'twere better to be civil:

So

So tying my Shoes upon my Feet,  
I went down Stairs into the Street.

(Says Betty) well, and prithee, John,  
Of what Religion is this Town?

No, no, (Says Tom,) but first let's hear,  
What else is to be seen there:

No more haste, than good speed, (cries John,)  
I shall be with you all anon.

The next place that I comes you in,  
Was a most lovely spacious thing,

To know the Name, is no great matter, \* Theater.

But now I think on't, 'tis the \* Thatter, † The Holly

The Thatter Yard about beset is, Bushes are

With † Holly, and with Iron Lattice, since dead

The ends of which, some bars made fast are which were

In Pots of Stone or Alabaster, set round

And upon every Post's top, the Theater

There is an Old Mans Head set up; Yard.

About there stands a many || brave Stones, || Antiquities

Which are for all the World like Grave- brought from

(Stones; Jerusaf. &c.

I marle why they were carry'd there!

No Folks belike are buried there.

The House is round---our Master has,

You know, a Round-House in the Close;

This is much such another Building,

But for the Painting and the Gilding,

The Leading on the top; and then too,

'Tis twenty times as big agen too;

A top of all's a little Steeple.

|| Cupilo:

But ne'er a Bell to call the People.

Down in the Cellar \* folks are doing \* Under the

Something that makes a world of Bowing, Theater,

Some throw Black Balls, their Heads some there were

(throwing, Presses for

As if they Arse-ward were a mowing;

Printing.

Stoop-

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Stooping a little more to view 'um,  
 They kindly ask'd me to come to 'um.  
 But look ye (*Tom*) for here's the thing now,  
 One could not come in at the Window;  
 And for my share, I could no more  
 Fly in the Air, than find the Door.  
 A world of Paper there was lying,  
 Besides a deal as hung a drying,  
 They being wet, as I suppose,  
 Were hung on Lines, as we hang Cloaths;  
 The Folk below began to hollow,  
*Whop, you there, honest Country Fellow;*  
*We'll print your Name, What is't, I wonder?*  
 Says I, one's *John* (Sir,) t'other, *Blunder*;  
 They bid me walk that way a little,  
 I'd find a *Door* about the middle:  
 Which having found, (said they,) *Go in,*  
 Not saying any kind of thing;  
 Well, in comes I, where \* *Men* were picking,  
 Of little things, that makes a nicking: \* *The Composers*  
 And *ho* that sent me, not to cheat me; *tors worked*  
 Came up, as I came in, to meet me, *above.*  
*Ho* told me, *them small things were Letters,*  
*And that the Men themselves were Setters;*  
 And would you think it! why, this same too,  
 Bid one o'th' *Fellows* do my *Name* too:  
 And so 'a did, and down we went,  
 To have *John Blunder* put in *Prent*;  
 And here 'tis for you all to look on't,  
 See, if they have not made a *Book* on't;  
*Look, Look, (cries Bess,) so 'tis I vow!*  
*John Blunder, as I live 'tis so.*  
 But hold, let's read the rest on't tho';  
 Let *Tom*, he's the best *Scollard*, ho:  
*John* being just come from *Oxford* too,  
 Most thought, that best his *Name* he knew;

Having



Having seen how it was put together,  
 They knew he could not miss on't neither;  
 So out he read it in a *Tune*,  
*John Blunder, Oxford Printed June:*  
 But coming to the *Figures*, was  
 (But that *Tom* help'd him) at a loss,  
 Not knowing what i'th' World to do,  
 To know if that was *one* or *two*;  
 At last 'twas found to be *One Thousand*  
*Six Hundred, Seventy and a Dozen.*  
 (Says *John*,) the *Printers* are such *Sots*,  
 This bit of *Paper* cost *two Pots*;  
 Beside, it cost me *two Pence* more,  
 To one that sits to || dup 'a Door, || *Open.*  
 That is, quite (as it were) within there,  
 Where one sees all that's to be seen there:  
 So, in went I, with this same *Maiden*,  
 And not till I come out I paid 'en;  
 It is the finest place, that ever  
 My *Eyes beheld*, it's wrought so clever:  
 The || top's all *Pictur'd* most compleatly, || *The Roof of*  
*Squar'd into Golden Frames* so neatly; *the Theatre.*  
 Why, there is drawn a power of Things,  
 Nay, I dare say, they all are Kings,  
 Drest up in *Silken Garments* finely,  
 Some look ye *soure*, and some look *kindly*;  
 There's some kifs some, may hap a *Drab* there,  
 Speaks a *Wench* fine, she gives a stab there;  
 There's some a fighting, some a wooing,  
 And little *Boys* a flying too'n  
 There's || one looks *grinning*, welle'e mad, || *Envy.*  
 With Eels, all done about her *Head*,  
 She taps *Folks* till their *Blood* runs out 'um,  
 With all their *Guts* hanging about um;  
 There's Seats on purpose built (they say there,)  
 For *Folks* to sit on, they as may there:  
 Then

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Then there's a Gallery made just so,  
 As that is in our Church you know.  
 Bess asking, What there might be done in't?  
 John said, 'Twas Built to look upon it, The Theater was  
 And that the Scollards might at leisure, disused after K.  
 Sit there, and smoke, and take their plea- James came to  
 Says Tom, Those who sit higher up, sure, the Crown, and  
 I warr'ntee care not much to smoke. since for many  
 And so---ay so, says John, (says he,) Tears.  
 For them they built the Gallery;  
 That they the better might look up,  
 And mind the Babies at the top:  
 And to say truth, Tom, I had rather,  
 See that, than smoke a Month together;  
 So, when I paid, I ask'd the Woman,  
 Which was the next place to go to, mun;  
 She ask'd me, if I ever was,  
 Oh! such a Devilish Name it has, || || The Laboratory.  
 These ugly hard Words vex me more, then---  
 --Well, say it is at next Door then;  
 And there it is, she says, she's sure,  
 There is a World of fine Things more,  
 But that the Bastard was not willing,  
 To let me in under a Shilling:  
 If wear, I would have given a Groat,  
 To please my mind, with all my Heart;  
 But 'cause the plaguy Dog was crass,  
 I turn'd, and bid 'em kiss mine A---;  
 But being pretty late, and so,  
 And I not knowing where to go,  
 So, I went home, and went to Bed,  
 And snor'd till Morning, like one Dead,  
 Well, up I gets, and having quaff'd,  
 At two quarts Mug, my Morning Draught;  
 I had a swinging mind to go,  
 And hear the Organs you must know:

*And*

University of OXFORD.

19

*And Land-lord said, as one might hear 'um,  
At Christ-Church, which was pretty near one,  
Whoe'er knows Oxford, 'tis not far,  
Hy Horse being set up at the Star.*

I thought I'd as good slip o're one day,      John's a  
Look ye, because this same was *Sunday*;      Wigg.  
For my share, I was loth to choose,  
That Day to go a seeking *Shows*.  
But, going down to *Queens*, to see  
If my *Young Master* well might be;  
And passing over || *Carryfox*,      || *Carfax*.  
Which is the *Market-place* of Ox---  
*Ford*, where two little *Pigmys* stands,  
Such *nimble-twiches* of their *Hands*;  
Just o're the place where *Folks* sell *Butter*,  
And with two *Hammers* keep a clutter;  
It being their business (so belike,)  
To knock, when e'er the Clock shall strike.  
A *Bell*, that's hung ye so between,  
That so, they might besure to see'n;  
Alive, sure as a *Band*, a *Band* is,  
With *Heads* no bigger than ones *Hand* is,  
As long----lets see, if I can tell now,---  
About as long as from my *Elbow*.  
*Elisabeth* said, *She met a Fairy*  
*One Morning early in the Dairy*;  
*Cries John, just such a one 'twas Betty,*  
*Such Folks I vow are very pretty.*  
Why, I've seen too *New Colledge Mount*,  
And stood ye a good while upon't;  
And *Maudling Walks*, and *Christ-Church Fountain*,  
A thing that makes a mighty sprounting.  
Well, *Munday* comes, and hardly neither,  
Before *Day-break* I hies me thither;

But

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But I found out by Peoples saying,  
 These *Organs* would not yet be playing.  
 And that I might go home again,  
 And come and hear 'um just at Ten ;  
 By then the *Bells* had all done ringing,  
 The *Folks* were come, and set a singing,  
 There's some are *fat*, and some are *lean*,  
 And some are *Boys*, and some are *Men* ;  
 But what I'm sure will make you stare.  
 They all stand in their || *Shirts*, I swear ; || *Surplice*.  
 Here *Susan* blush'd, and *John* beseeches,  
 To tell, if these all wore no *Bræches*.  
 Cries *John*, that one can hardly know,  
 They wear their *Shirts* so full and low ;  
 Each one when they come in, stand still,  
 Bowing, and wrigling at the Sill.  
 I look'd a while, and mark'd one *Noddy*,  
 || Something he bow'd to, but no *Body*, || *The Altar*  
 For these and other things as *apish*,  
 The *Town-Folks* term the *Scollards* *Papish*.  
 The *Organs* set up with a *ding*,  
 The *White-Men* roar, and *White-Boys* sing,  
*Rum, Rum*, the *Organs* go, and *zlid*,  
 Sometimes they *squeek* out like a *Pig*,  
 Then *gobble* like a *Turky Hen*,  
 And then to *Rum, Rum, Rum* again :  
 What with the *Organs*, *Men*, and *Boys*,  
 It makes ye up a *dismal Noise* ;  
 All being over, as I wifs,  
 Out come they like a *Flock of Geese*.

The *place* as I went in at there,  
 A kind of *Yat-House*, as it were ;  
 A top of which a *Bell* is hung,  
 Bigger than e'er was look'd upon ;

I under-



I understood by all the *People*,  
 'Twas bigger than our *Church* and *Steeple*;  
 At *Nine* at *Night* it makes a *Bomeing*,  
 And then the *Scollards* all must come in.

Now I've told all that e'er I see,  
 Unless the *brazen Nose* it be,  
 Clapt on a *College Yat* to grace it,  
 And shew, may hap, they re *brazen Faced*;  
 And there's another thing I think on,  
 The *Devil* looking over *Lincoln*;  
 Their *Faults* besure, he kindly winks on,  
 Tho' other *Colleges* he squints on;  
 A world of pity 'twas, I swear,  
 That our *Young Master* was not there.

*Bess* willing, yet to be more knowing,  
 Demands what *Gloaths* *Scholars* go in?  
 For the most part (says *John*,) they wear  
 Such kind of *Gowns* as *Parsons* are;  
 Some *Trenchers* on their *Heads* have got,  
 As black as yonder *Porridge-Pot*;  
 And some have things, exactly such  
 As my *Old Gammer's* mumbles *Pouch*,  
 Which sits upon his *Head* as neat,  
 As 'twere sew'd to't by every *Pleat*:  
 Some, I dare say, are very poor, tho'  
 They wear their *Gowns* berent and tore so,  
 Hanging about them all in *Litlocks*,  
 That they can hardly hide their *Buttocks*.  
 When they want *Mony*, I believe's.  
 The *Lads* are fain to sell their *Sleeves*,  
 Because they have their stint of *Viſtuals*,  
 And that I'm sure, but very little's;  
 For look ye, many a time I meet,  
 May happen twenty in the *Street*,

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*With handsome Gowns to look upon,  
And ne'er a Sleeve to ere a Gown.  
Tou know Young Master for a Meater,  
Was for his Tears a handsome Eater;  
Well, and his Sleeves are gone already,  
And his was a New Gown too, Betty,  
And hangs about his Legs in shatters,  
I swear, h'as torn it all to tatters.  
I held a jag aloft, to shew'n,  
And bid'n let the Taylor sew'n.  
Hoa laught, and cry'd, Why, that's no fault John,  
Hoa tor't, to pass ye for a \* Saltman; \* Senior.  
But I have sometimes met with some  
Young-Man, may chance with a new Gown,  
Holding 'um out as if they'd dry 'um,  
So that one hardly can get by 'um.  
Cry'd Tom, So drunk they could not miss 'um,  
What nasty Dogs they're to be-piss 'um.  
Cry'd John, No, while they have a Gown,  
They make use of their time to shew'n.  
Now you have all, let's go to Bed,  
I well'y long to lay my Head:  
And John that motion made, because  
Their Eyes, by this time all drew Straws;  
All thank him round, Sue, Bess, and Tom,  
And went to Roost all ev'ry one.*

*Now John has done his Banbury Story,  
With no small Pride or little Glory,  
Besides a lusty Toast and Ale,  
As soon as he had done his Tale,  
And really many wou'd be willing,  
To give full forty round broad Shilling,  
To tell a Tale as well as he,  
And purchase such a Memory;*

But

But now that you may think me honest,  
I shall go back, so as I promis'd.

I think I brought them up to *Town*,  
And staid till all their *Coin* was gone:  
Their *Needs* by this time has bereft 'um,  
Of the bare *scent* on't, all I left 'um;  
By this time, *Master* has forgot,  
His Mothers *Sweets-meats* for a *Pot*,  
And the *Pack-rider* (such another,)  
Loves a *Girl* better than his *Mother*,  
Being much of a *Faculty*,  
In general, they much agree,  
To scrub all day, a *Nut-brown Table*,  
With all the might, as they are able;  
From hence it is, that some poor *Fellows*  
Have so thin *Cloathing* at their *Elbows*.  
In this *Opinion* I am bold,  
Because the *Reason* is two-fold.  
For here they spend their *Wits* and *Coin* too,  
In getting *nothing*, spend their *time* too;  
And tho' they take so much *Delight*  
To make their *Landlord's Table* bright,  
And wear their *Gowns* and *Elbows* out,  
In labouring to bring't about;  
Seldom their *Hostess* so befriends 'um,  
To *mend*, or pay the *Man* that mends 'um.  
Now what will *Mothers Hony* do,  
Depriv'd of *Cloaths* and *Mony* too;  
But send by \* *Basset*, or *John Hickman*, \* *Carriers*.  
A *Line*, to make his *Friends* more quick *Man*,  
That he's in a most *sad Condition*,  
Worse, I believe, than *Nick* could wish him,  
And that he wants more *Mony*, so  
He knows not what i'th' world to do;

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Hopes they're well, as at this sending  
He is, and so he falls to ending.

Now may his Friends be Poor, or Witty\*  
Enough to fain they're so, or \* *Nitty.* \* *Close-Fisted.*  
For want of *Money*, to say Truth,  
Most an end makes a *hopeful Youth* :  
But those who count by *Pocket-fulls*,  
Empt *them* together with their *Sculls*,  
To a *Hat-full* of *Head*, 'tis fair,  
If *Brains* a *Thimble-full* be there,  
Enough to practice by a *Sample*,  
How they may pass for *Scholars* ample ;  
In spite of *vacant Heads*, and *Hours*,  
Half *Gowns* are always *Seniours*,  
So halv'd and jag'd, if needs you'll know,  
If *Seniour Soph* has *Gown* or no ;  
Looking on's *Shoulders*, and no lower,  
Perhaps it may be in your Power.  
When the've been there about a *Quarter*,  
Say half a *Year*, or such a matter,  
Their *Friends* think it more orderly  
To send their *Mony* quarterly ;  
By this time, they have more occasion  
For *Ready*, than the poor o'th' *Nation*,  
Thinking they better know the use on't,  
A *Peer* o'th' *Realm* is less profuse on't,  
That *Week* o'th' *Quarter*, as they have it,  
He's damn'd with *them* who thinks to save it.  
Now for that *necessary Trick*,  
To *book*, and *score*, and *run a Tick*,  
For *Gown*, and *Cap*, for *Drink*, and *Smoke*,  
And so much more for *Ink*, and *Chalk* ;  
Five Pounds a *Coat*,---*Ink* Five more---Ten,  
*Six Bottles*,---*Chalk* as much agen ;



A *Glass* broke, *Six-pence*----so much more,  
 Because 'twas put upon the *Score*.  
 And at this rate the *Coxcombs* run  
 Their *Daddies* out of *House* and *Home*;  
 Those that in *Debt*, the least may be,  
 Perhaps owe *Hundreds*, two or three,  
 Till fallen downright *sick of Duns*,  
 Keeps *Chamber* till the *Carrier* comes;  
 The *ready Mony*, when they send it;  
 He must upon his *Mistress* spend it;  
 And so that very *Night* he runs  
 To honest *Joan* of *Hed*---tons,  
 Who brags she has been a *Beginner*  
 With many an after-harden'd *Sinner*;  
 As to a *Book* an *Introduction's*;  
 To *Vice*, so she, and her *Instruction's*;  
 And since the *Doctrine* of her *School's*  
 Practis'd, and follow'd so by *Fool's*,  
 (For pray, in all our *Modern Hist'ries*,  
 Look me a *Fool* without a *Mistress*,  
 Whose Part's to set the *Gins*, and bait um,  
 And the snar'd *Ideot's* Part, to treat um,  
 So) *Scholars*, who do all by *Rules*,  
 Without *Example*, won't be *Fools*,  
 And dedicate their ready *Monies*,  
 To please, and to divert their *Honies*;  
 Not, that they're given all to whoring,  
 Some are for *honest downright roaring*;  
 And quite another sort of *Fellows*,  
 Love nothing but a noise, and *Ale-House*:  
 (I would not have you here mistake me;  
 I know not how, 'tis you may take me,)  
 Ne'er think these *Youngsters*, by their *Looks*,  
 Disturb their *Heads*, with *silly Books*:  
 Which a *Cann-Lover* minds no more,  
 Than he that loves an ugly *Whore*,

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Being none but Ugly in the Town,  
 Since one *Mal's* dead, and t'other gone;  
 The Lads content are in their Room,  
 To Court a *Mopstick*, or a *Broom*,  
 Drest in a *Night-Rail*, and a † *Sattee*, † *The high Heads*.  
 Dear *Nancy* call it, and their *Betty*: *were so call'd*  
 But then, he makes a hideous quarter, *at first*.  
 If once amnomer'd on's *Taylor's Daughter*;  
 You may then, at the same Church see him,  
 Which Father, Mother, has, and she in,  
 Coming out, down he vales his *Bonnet*,  
 And next day *pelts her with a Sonnet*;  
 But if she stubborn chance to prove,  
 He makes a *Changeling of his Love*,  
 And in a strange Poetick Ire,  
 Grows very *Smutty*, *very dire*,  
 As sharp as may be, to say truth,  
 Seeing his Muse has ne'er a Tooth;  
 And heretofore, 'twas no great matter,  
 For Teeth to any private Satyr;  
 But now let each look to his Brawls,  
 And not refer't to Generals;  
 Since now, there wants a publick *Prater*,  
 To raise the *Hiss*, or *Hum oth' Theater*,  
 Such as we took for *Owls*, and no *Men*,  
 Who knew not how t' abuse the *Women*;  
 'Twas then, no more, but let some *Lad*,  
 Highly disturb'd, and Vengeance-mad,  
 Where the *Girl* gave just cause, or no,  
 Let him, to *Terra Filius* go:  
 'Twas he, knew how to mak't appear,  
 As true, as you alive stand there,  
 Wise *Sparks*, and bold, who durst to tell them  
 Their Faults, who could, and did expell them.  
 But these mad *Whipsters*, have given o'er,  
 And lash these, and the *Town no more*.

The

The A&t, a time they did all this at,  
 Is still a time as much to his at,  
 At which time, when so e'er it comes,  
 Wise Men of *Gotham*, change their Gowns,  
 Which is a kind of Term, d'ee see,  
 I use for taking a Degree.  
 Having had other things to follow,  
 They pray their *Chum*, or *Chamber-Fellow*,  
 To help them out to say their part,  
 For want of time to get't by heart;  
 For here the Misery of it lies,  
 When they're oblig'd to Exercise,  
 Which is, e'er they take a Degree,  
 Some *Fellow*, or what e'er he be;  
 Asks him if things be *so*, or *so*,  
 To which he answers ay, or no;  
 And if he happens to say right,  
 He gets ye his Degree, in spight  
 Of *Lousie Learning*, to which end,  
 Some better Scholar, and his Friend,  
 Hintreats, because he would not miss,  
 To hold his Finger up at *Yes*;  
 And when his turn comes to say *no*,  
 To do his Finger *so*, or *so*,

And now no question, but you'll ask,  
 How 'tis, they so neglect their Task. ||*Sunday*.  
 Folks can't do all at once, for look, Sir,  
 The've more to do, than con a Book, sure,  
 For *Sundays* work, it very *fair* is,  
 To see, who preaches at St. *Maries*,  
 Peep in at *Carfax Church*, to see there,  
 Either who preaches, or what *she there*:  
 Then, as if troubled with the *Squitters*,  
 Away they *seque* it to St *Peters*, Or *feab*  
When

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When up into the *Chancel* coming,  
Which most an end is full of *Women*,  
About they strut a while, and seek out,  
And one vouchsafe at last to pick out,  
Or cry, *Pox, ne'er a handsome Woman* :  
And *Preacher* being in *Prayer Common*,  
They can't a while so long to stay,  
To see who Preaches there to day :  
So, in their way down to *St. Giles*,  
For more dispatch, they take *St. Miles*,  
'Cause they're oblig'd, e'er Church be done,  
To thrust their Nose in every one ;  
Which makes them run, and sweat, and *Blurry*,  
And puts them in the deadliest hurry,  
For 'tis, you know, a *common Saying*,  
*Business admits of no delaying*.

When coming to the *Quaker's Meeting*,  
Where some are standing, some are sitting,  
Eyes shut, with open Mouths, some lunging,  
Amidst the *Brother-hood*, they scrunge in,  
Approaching of a handsome *Sister*,  
With her Eyes closed, make bold to kiss her ;  
Which moves her *Spouse*, but never moves her,  
Taking him for a *Friend* that Loves her ;  
But her *Friend John*, supposes he,  
*Bestows* no Kifs of Charity ;  
Which makes his Guts for madness, wamble,  
*Friend* (says he) giving him a jumble,  
Do thou, I say, let her alone,  
Or else, 'twere better thou wert gone ;  
Do so in thy own *Steeple-House*,  
And not in other Peoples House.  
To which the Scholar answers, rat it,  
What makes the Fellow so mad at it.

He



He wonders what the *Quaker* thinks on't,  
*Twas done to her, and still she winks on't.*

But Quack slips out to tell the *Proctor*,  
 How Scholars kist his Wife, *and mock'd her*;  
*At our Assembly, hard by here,*  
*The Young Men still (I'm sure) are there;*  
*So I made haste to come to thee,*  
*That thou might'st come thy self and see:*  
*Since 'tis thy business to protect 'um,*  
*Prithee do thou therefore correct 'um.*  
 After this *Speech* the *Proctor* coming,  
 Sets all the *Crew* of *Roysters* running,  
 And upon *all* he lays his *Hands*,  
 He either takes *them* or their *Gowns*;  
 And he's glad on't with all his heart,  
 Who gets off with his *Gown* in part,  
 Not being a thing accounted shameful,  
 To have's *Gown* lessen'd by a handful,  
 Since all the *Punishment* and *Shame*  
 Light's only on the *Fool*, *that's ta'ne*;  
 Like *Birds*, put in a *Cage* to whistle,  
 Unless they patch up an *Epistle*,  
 To th' *Proctor*, for the which he looks,  
 Besure in every one, on's *B'ooks*,  
 Fills his *Head*, full as eret can hold,  
 Because e'er long they must be sold;  
 Thrumming out several *scraps* of *Latin*,  
 As like as *Dowlas* is to *Satin*:  
 An expeditious way, and better  
 Than make of his own *Head*, a *Letter*,  
 Or wanting *Books* to tumble o'er,  
 He gets a *Letter* made before;  
*Hackney Epistle* to the *College*,  
 For those who have but little *Knowledge*.

*Munday.*

No

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No sooner this the *Proctor* sees,  
 But his *Offence* he strait forgives ;  
 For joy of which, he roars most deadly,  
 And fails that Afternoon to *Medly*,  
 Near half a mile, or such a matter,  
 It lyes as you go down the Water ;  
 A place at which they never fail,  
 Of *Custard*, *Sider*, *Cakes*, and *Ale*,  
*Cream*, *Tarts*, and *Cheese-Cakes*, good *Neats Tongues*,  
 And pretty *Girls* to wait upon's.

*Scholars* by right in studying Hours,  
 Or should not late be out of Doors,  
 But having found with how much ease,  
 At worst the *Proctor* they appease,  
 And long e'er this, and for the future,  
 Knowing how to satisfy their *Tutor*.  
 Some *Country Stranger*, or a *Brother*,  
 Some *Friend*, *Relation*, or another,  
 Being come to Town only to stare,  
 Will be a *Week* or *Fortnight* here ;  
 And he can do no less, than go  
 Sometimes to wait on him, or so,  
 Treat him, go with him up and down,  
 At least, and shew him all the *Town* :  
 That he at home might tell a *Story*,  
 O'th' *Theatre* and *Labo'ratory*.  
 And ever when one *Stranger's* gone,  
 Besure they'll have another come ;  
 And then you know it would be evil,  
 If they to *Strangers* be uncivil ;  
 And then sometimes their *Father* sends,  
 Or else some other of their *Friends*,  
 (They say,) a *Letter* of *Attorney*,  
 Praying them to take a little *Journey*,

University of OXFORD.

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To such a *Town*, near *two hours* going,  
To take some *Money* they have owing;  
The Postscript runs, *Dear Son or Cozen*,  
*Make haste to go, or else you'll los'en.*

When *Tuesday* comes, he's up by *Noon*, *Tuesday*.  
Least *Doufon's Dancing* should be done,  
'Cause he'd be there, he very fairly  
Forfakes his *Bed* so very early.  
Tho' he fate up the *Night* before,  
To smoke his *Bed-mat*; for the *Door*  
By *Nine*, is always so fast shut,  
That no *Soul* living can get out.  
As for *Tobacco*, he'd forgot it,  
Tho' ev'ry *Night* he us'd to sot it,  
And so was fain to *do, as a' could*,  
Because he *could not do as he would*.  
And truth, they care not one should know it,  
But they're as poor as any *Poet*:  
*Fortune*, that *Enemy to Sense* is,  
She makes *Fools* poor for bare *Pretences*.  
And tho' to smoke the're so *delighted*,  
They want wherewith to *Pot* and *Pipe* it,  
And so all *Night*, *They* and their *Chums*,  
Sit whiffing *Straws* till *Morning* comes;  
And then betake them to their *Beds*,  
And *lye* till *four* to ease their *Heads*:  
But being oblig'd to come to *Prayers*,  
Whipping the *Surplice* o'er their *Ears*;  
At *Six* some places, some at *Ten*,  
To *Prayers*, that done, to *Bed* again.

*Wednesday* being come *six Hours* ago, *Wednesday*  
He's up, and say, he's ready too;  
Forsooth, he rose that *Day* so rare,  
Because he'd take the *Country Air*.

Perhaps

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Perhaps some *Fools* rise more betimes,  
 And meet with but *unwholesome Rimes*,  
 Which for the *World* they would not go in,  
 From *Letters* Scholars are so knowing.  
 Now for their way of going a *shooting*,  
 Sometimes a *Horse-back*, sometimes *Footing* :  
 Approaching some *Lone House*, or *Cottage*,  
*Reaking* with *Bacon*, *Herbs* and *Pottage*,  
 Ne'er knock, but *haul* out, *Who's within there ? ---*  
*Who's there ? ---two or three come to dine here.*  
 Then *Jenny* coming out in *Kersey*,  
 Makes to the *Gentle Folks* a *Cursey*;  
 Her *Mother* calling from within,  
*Jane*, bid the *Gentlefolk* come in ;  
 In they come, *Welcome* by her *Troth*,  
 Who freely sets them all she hath ;  
 Glad in their *Hearts*, that *Folks* so brave,  
 Will please to *Eat* all they have.  
 Can you eat in a homely *Tray* ?  
*You're welcome all, as I may say.*  
 They've done, but having other *Buts*,  
 Beside the stuffing of their *Guts*.  
*Jane* going for tother *Pot* of *Ale*,  
 They seldom of a flitching fail ;  
 The *Mother* sometimes going after,  
 To wring the *Tap* in for her *Daughter*,  
 The while they get it from the *Rack*,  
 And take their leaves when she comes back.  
 The good *Wife* vexing, can't but think,  
 'Tis strange they would not stay, and drink !  
 But then she's in a woful taking,  
 When once she comes to miss her *Bacon*.  
 But she's in as much woe agen,  
 For loosing of her *speckled Hen* ;  
 The *Scholars*, as for their parts, they  
 Go home rejoicing in their *Prey* ;

And



And at the very next *Farmers Door*,  
*Shoot two or three Ducks, and Pullets more ;*  
 Thus being provided of good *Victles*,  
 The next care is to wet their *Whistles*,  
 Contriving where 'twere best to seat 'um,  
 And of the best way to defeat 'um ;  
 Because, as I before was saying,  
*They're bitterly against all Paying ;*  
 So having call'd for what they will,  
*And Yauld, and Sung, and Drunk their fill ;*  
 Going forth as to untruss a *Point*,  
*They run their Legs near out of Joint,*  
*'Till they have reached the Town agen,*  
 And some such other \* *bouzing Ken*, \* *Ale-house*.  
 Playing a world of *pretty Knacks*,  
 As oft as People turn their backs,  
*Melt the Folks Flagon, burn their Bellows,*  
*Then sear a loft their Names 'ith' Ale-house.*  
*And in their Breeches put their Candles,*  
*The Snuffers and the Flagon Handles.*

Next Morning raging Hostels comes *Thursday*.  
 To's Chamber Door with other Duns :  
 There's such a *Din* and such a *Drumming*,  
 As if the King of *France* was coming :  
 As if their *Business* were to keep him  
 And all the *College* too from sleeping.  
 Then sometimes hold their Hands for cunning,  
 And lend an ear to hear him coming ;  
 Because if he should think them gone,  
 He would *peep out* twenty to one.  
 Their patience tired, to't they go,  
*Ran dan, tara ran, clutter to quo.*  
*Are you within, Sir, Mr Snear—*  
*Yes that he is, and knows who's there,*

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Knows all your Voices great and small,  
And to the Devil sends ye all.

    Casting an Eye, *first thro' a Chink,*  
One of his Neighbours *sitting think,*  
To open gingerly the Door,  
Because he is not very sure,  
But that some *Ambuscade might fire,*  
Before he *neatly could retire,*  
Having by his judicious care,  
Perceiv'd the Coast all round him clear,  
That every individual Dun,  
His Neighbours are, and not his own;  
He with a Noble Courage speaks,  
And to them thus his Mind he breaks:  
Sirs, if you'd speak with *Mr Snear,*  
You must not think to find him there;  
He went abroad Three hours ago,  
And goes out every Morning so.  
But, Sir, tho' now he ben't within,  
Pray when, de'e think, he will come in?  
When he goes out by three or four,  
He comes not in 'till ten, or more:  
Because his business will not let him,  
I wonder that you never met him:  
If with him you'd so fain a' spoken,  
You should come e'er the Gates are open.  
They thank him for his gracious Speeches,  
And then toward him turn their *Breeches,*  
Going their ways, tak't for a Warning,  
To come more early the next Morning.

    Now *Snear* releas'd thus of his Cares,  
Tells all his *Duns down all the Stairs.*  
Before he's very sure he's safe,  
He dare not wry his Mouth to Laugh.

Truly,

Truly, there comes a deal of good,  
From *Fellow-feeling Neighbourhood*!  
T'other comes to *Congratulate*,  
With him the goodness of his Fate,  
Who thro' the *Key-hole* looks to see him,  
And asks if there no more be we him,  
Assur'd he's *Solus*, to be short,  
Comes boldly out, and thanks him for't.

But now it being *dinner time*,  
They venture to the *Hall* to dine,  
Where *Baxter*, one that lets out *Horses*,  
Comes, hoping to repair his Losses;  
And being wiser than the rest,  
Thinks there to find his Debtors best,  
Who mind their *Cramming*, but not so,  
But they've an Eye for such a Foe,  
Contriving, *Dinner done*, to tumble  
*Together, all out in a Bundle*;  
Deceiving thus his *Vigilance*;  
Who to repair this great mischance,  
Setting up's *Throat*, begins to hollow it,  
Sir, Sir, why Sir, their, *Mr. Shallow-wit* :  
But as for *Mr. Shallow-wit*, he  
Has more wit, than to hear or see;  
So in the Crowd, away he goes,  
And nothing of the matter knows :  
*Creditor* doubts if that might be him,  
Or else concludes he did not see him;  
And since 'tis so the *bubbl'd Dun*,  
Contented as he can, goes home.

'Twere to be wonder'd why the *Townsf-men*,  
Have so much foolish Faith for *Gownsf-men*,  
But here the Mystery of it lies,  
These seeming Fools, are truly wise;

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For if they can by all their comings  
To Hall, and Chambers, all their Dunnings,  
There horrid threat's, that *for the future,*  
*They'll come no more, but tell the Tutor.*  
Or of some piece of Merriment,  
To tell the Head, or *President.*  
If by these Arts he clears one score,  
He can sustain the loss of four :  
And he that to be honest chooses,  
In paying, pays him all he loses.  
So that the Trader might afford it,  
To lose the rest and never word it ;  
But that your Merchants ever love,  
Something to gain o'er and above.

Always when once 'tis Afternoon,  
*Duns* with the *Colleges* have done ;  
And Scholars *looking well about,*  
With caution, venture to go out ;  
For many times it happens so's,  
I th' very face to *meet their Foes :*  
With, Sir, *you know you owe me for*  
*Maintaining of your Spotted Cur ;*  
I'm sure, I bought him as good *Meat,*  
As any *Christian, Sir, could eat :*  
*If there's in Man any Belief,*  
*I always fed the Whelp with Beef ;*  
A deal of Money, I *disburst* so,  
And *Money* going out of *Purse* so---  
I'd ask'd your *Tutor,* but to stay me,  
You said, that you'd next *Quarter pay me,*  
'Lafs I'm a *poor Man,* that you know,  
And yet you'll *never pay me too.*  
The *Spark's* so *thunder-struck* at this,  
He hardly can tell what he is,

Protests



Protests to *Harry*, he is willing  
 To pay, bids him, *here, take that Shilling*,  
 Being all he has now in his Pocket,  
*As for his Desk he can't unlock it,*  
 Because he has either spoil'd his *Key*,  
*Lost it, or laid it out o'th' way;*  
 And says, when e're he comes for the rest,  
 He'll pay him, or he'll *break his Desk*.  
 These words give *Harry* Satisfaction,  
 Beyond th'e'vent, or *threatn'd Action*;  
 Who fancies in this *Desk a Mint*,  
 When there is ne'er a Penny in't.

Therefore to shun such Brunts as these,  
 Scholars in *walking cross the Ways*,  
 Ne'er grutching Shoe-leather, or ground,  
 For more convenience circle round,  
 And many times set up a running,  
 And all for fear of Duns, and dunning;  
 Let their *Walk for Example* this be, \* *A Dancing*  
 To \* *Weavers School*, from *Corpus Christi: School*.  
 Thro' *Christ-Church*, *Penny-farthing Street*,  
 Where there lives none he fears to meet;  
 His way down by *St Thomas lyes*,  
 And so he slips by *Paradice*,  
 And falls to running there from going,  
 Least any should come out as know him,  
 Because he owes them for his *Custard*,  
 Nor paid yet for his *Tongue and Mustard*;  
 Tho' once being took, he made a *promise*.  
 From *Castle-Bridge*, up by *St. Thomas*,  
 Thro' *Bullocks-Lane*, unsight, unseen,  
 He's like a *spright* in *Glouster-Green*,  
 From thence he goes out by *St Giles's*,  
 And thro' the *Fields*, which near a *mile is*,

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Yet by them *twenty* you could tell,  
 He's arriv'd safe in *Holy-well* ;  
 And when you're come about the middle,  
 You may know *Weavers* by the *Fiddle* ;  
 A *Boarding*, and a *Dancing School*,  
 Where *People* learn to go by *Rule*,  
 And 'tis high time he there should be,  
 It being something now past *Three* ;  
 To be there's, of concern as much  
 To him, as going is to *Church*,  
 Going to *see*, more than to *bear*,  
 The very same as he does there.  
*Dancing* being done, and *Dangers* past,  
 He gets to's *College* safe at last :  
 He might by much a nearer way found,  
 That is, by *Maudlins*, and the *Grey-bound*,  
 And mist the *Town* as well ; but there's  
 So deeply plung'd o'er head and ears,  
 The very *Sign's* enough to fright him,  
 Lest the curst *Dog* in it might bite him.

Next day, when all the *House* is snoring, *Friday*.  
 Before his *Duns* are up before him,  
 As if their *Souls* made up one *Song*,  
 The *Stairs* as by *Agreement* throng,  
 And so harmoniously each one  
 Raps at his *Door* as in his turn ;  
 Tho' met but one of all those *Fools* there,  
 Knows what the benefit of *Schools* are ;  
 He was that one, as sure as can be,  
 Missing a *Bottle* of lovely *Brandy*,  
 And being in a world of *Dolour*,  
 And finding out this worthy *Scholar* ;  
 Both too alone, for only saying,  
 That he desir'd that he would pay him ;

Threatned

Threatned for *Payment* was with *Pumping*,  
 And put to save himself by *jumping*  
 O'er a *Wall*, might break his *Neck*,  
 To keep his *Back* from being *wet*.  
 'Tis so unsafe for any *Dun*,  
 T'accost a *Scholar* all alone,  
 At many, tho he looks so leering,  
 He'll make a single one to fear him;  
 As I before said, I say here,  
 'Tis well they are enow for *Snear*,  
 Beating his *Door*, they keep him waking,  
 And spoil his *Peace*, as well as *Napping*.

Here was his *Shoe-maker*, and *Taylor*,  
 His *fiery Hostess*, Mrs. *Rayler*;  
 And *Drawers* shaking of their *Noddles*,  
 For losing of their *Wine* and *Bottles*;  
 And a kind *Girl* beside, who had  
 Made him a *Twelve-month* since a *Dad*;  
 Good reason why she came to seek him,  
 For something towards the *Infants* keeping:  
 Among the *Croud* for *Payment* whining,  
 Was she that us'd to make his *Linnen*;  
 There grumbling an *Old Gard'ner* stood,  
 Who lost his *Hedge* for *Fire-wood*:  
 Beside his *Rake*, his *Hoe*, and *Shovel*,  
 And half the *Faggots* off his *Hovel*,  
 And *Country-men*, amidst all these,  
 For losing *Turkeys*, *Hens*, and *Geese*;  
*Mercury* was there, who on the wing, goes  
 To make him pay for's *Ladies Windows*;  
 And in his Hand he bore a *Ticket*,  
 Demanding reason why he brake it?  
 His *Laundress* having all his *Linnen*,  
 Need never *Dun*, or go to *Spinning*,

*Washing*,

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*Washing*, because he's fain to pay for't,  
He seldom wears but half a *Day-Shirt*,  
At first she'll chop, and change, and choose 'um,  
And dext'rously at last she'll loose 'um;  
Nor by this most ingenious way,  
Can hardly get up half her pay;  
His *Bed-maker*, whilst at the *Als-house*,  
For *Pay* can seize his *Bed* and *Pillows*,  
And for that *Reason* is more cunning,  
Than to bestow the pains to *dun* him.

The *Dunners* having hinted been,  
That Mr. *Snear* was now within,  
Were fully bent, for very spight,  
To stand all at his *Door* till *Night*,  
And by so close a *Siege* go nye they,  
To make him truly fast his *Friday*;  
No longer able to sustain it,  
No more than's *Father* to maintain it:  
*Snear* vows to morrow he'll be going,  
From all the *Noise* of *Mony* owing;  
For *Scholarship* he here forswears it,  
And takes his tatter'd *Gown*, and tears it.

*Friday.*

And now his restless *Duns* are gone,  
He takes his *farewell* of the *Town*,  
Meeting at *Midnight* with the *Proctor*,  
With less concern than if a *Doctor*,  
Not only very boldly meets him,  
But to return his *Question*, beats him;  
Which having done, as fast he runs,  
As when he us'd to meet his *Duns*:  
And in his *Flight*, breaking his *Shin*, now's  
Fully reveng'd on the next *Windows*;  
In which *Sport* when his *Hand* is in,  
He lays about like any thing,

*Roaring*



Roaring, and hallowing down the *Streets*,  
Swears to knock down the next he meets.  
Wallowing all *Night* in such *Abuses*,  
Nor studies for next days *Excuses*,  
Knowing he shall compleat his *Sport*  
At *home*, or at the *Inns* of *Court*,  
'Cause I'm not willing to suppose here,  
Our *Teachers* ever such as those were.

The *Day* now coming on a new,  
Wherein he bids the *Town* adieu,  
Having no encouragement to tarry here,  
Sends for his *Wardrobe* by the *Carrier*.  
Now free at Liberty and Peace is,  
Secure, unask'd, goes where he pleases;  
Here cruel *Duns*, nor fear'd Expulsion,  
Can shake his *Soul* to a *Convulsion*,  
Bearing the *Learning* off, he's free  
From all the *Plagues* o'th' *Versity*.

*Saturday.*

No *Cesar's* loss lamented more yet,  
Than where he us'd to *Book* and *Score* it;  
The *Tears* of *Mothers*, and of *Duns*,  
Hers for *lost Children*, theirs for *Sums*,  
More *unconstrain'd* are, and true,  
Than those I shed in this *Adieu*.

F I N I S.

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